

THE
WONDERS
OF THE
PEAKE.

BY
CHARLES COTTON,
Esquire.

Barbara Pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis:
Mart. Epig.

LONDON:

Printed for Joanna Brome, at the Gun at
the West-end of St. Pauls, 1681.

R

Is

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE

Elizabeth

Countess of *Devonshire*,

THIS

ESSAY

Is with all acknowledgment and devotion
humbly Dedicated

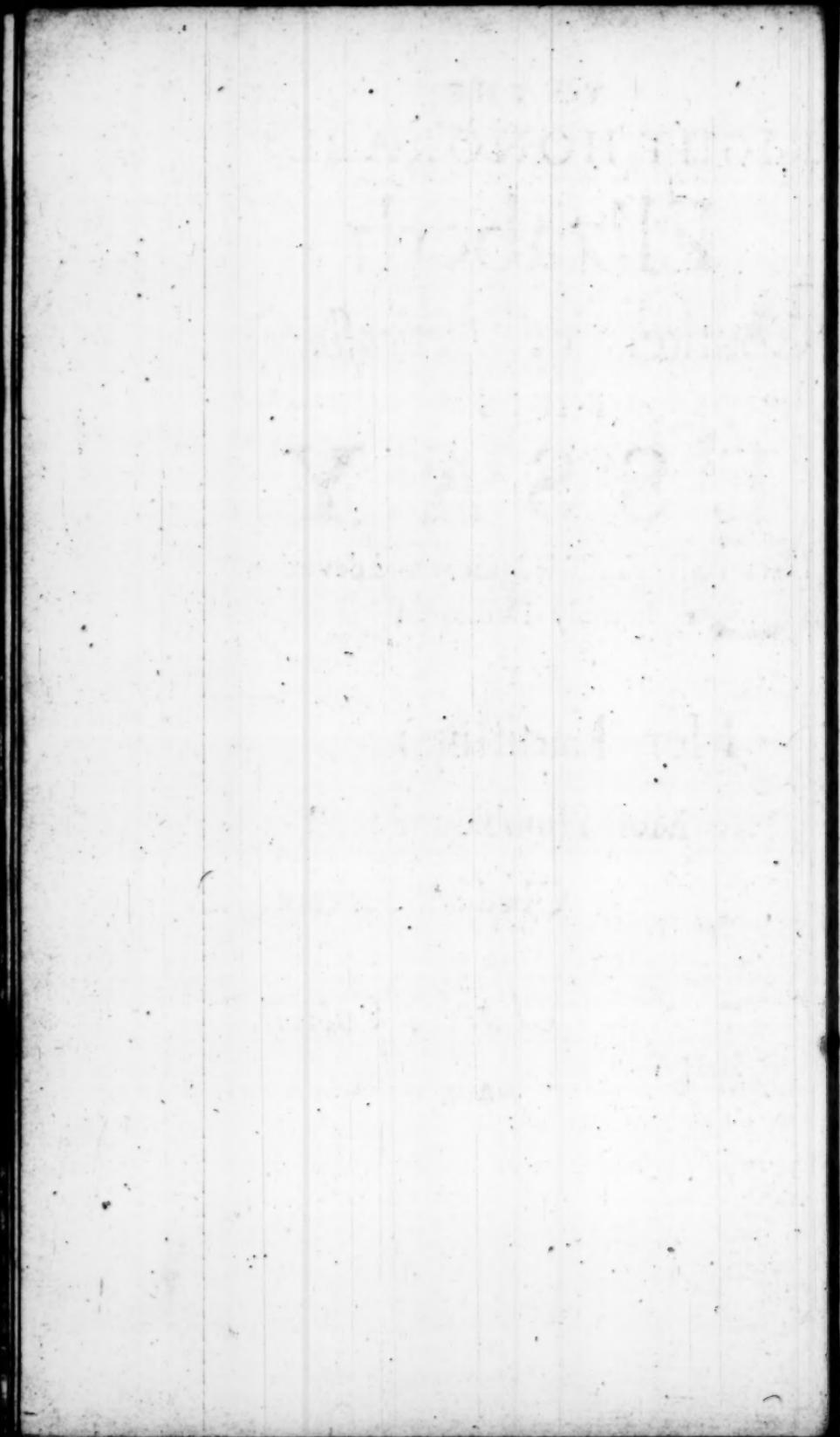
BY

Her Ladiships

Most Humble and most

Obedient Servant

Charles Cotton.



THE
WONDERS
OF
The Peake.

Durst I expostulate with *Providence*,
I then should ask, wherein the innocence
Of my poor undesigning infancy,
Could *Heaven* offend to such a black degree,
As for th' offence to damn me to a place
Where *Nature* only suffers in disgrace.
A *Country* so deform'd, the *Traveller*
Would swear those parts *Natures pudenda* were :
Like *Warts* and *Wens* hills on the one * side swell,
To all but *Natives* inaccessible ;

* The Peake.

A 4

Th'other

¶ Th'other a blue scrofulous scum defiles,
 Flowing from th' earths impostumated boyles ;
 That seems the steps (Mountains on Mountains
 thrown)
 By which the *Giant* storm'd the *Thunderers*
 Throne,
 This from that prospect seems the sulph'rous flood,
 Where sinful *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* stood.

'Twixt these twin-*Provinces* of *Britains* shame,
 The *Silver Dove* (how pleasant is that name)
 Runs through a Vale high crested *Cliffs* o'reshade ;
 (By her fair *Progress* only pleasant made :)
 But with so swift a *Torrent* in her course,
 As shew's the *Nymph* flies from her native source,
 To seek what there's deny'd, the *Suns* warm Beams,
 And to embrace *Trents* prouder swelling streams.
 In this so craggy, ill-contriv'd a *Nook*
 Of this our little world, this pretty *Brook*

† The Moore-lands.

Alas !

Alas! is all the recompence I share,
For all th' intemperancies of the *Air*,
Perpetual *Winter*, endless *solitude*,
Or the society of men so rude,
That it is ten times worse. Thy murmurs (* *Dove*)
Or humour *Lovers*; or men fall in love
With thy bright beauties, and thy fair blue eyes
Wound like a *Parthian*, whilst the shooter flies.
Of all fair *Thetis* Daughters none so bright,
So pleasant none to taste, none to the sight,
None yields the gentle *Angler* such delight.
To which the bounty of her stream is such,
As only with a swift and transient touch,
T' enrich her sterl borders as she glides,
And force sweet flowers from their marble sides.

North-East from this fair Rivers head there lies
A † *Country* that abounds with *Rarities*,

* The River *Dove*. † The *Peake*.

They

They call them *Wonders* there, and be they so;
But the whole Country sure's a *wonder* too,
And *Mother* of the rest, which seven are,
And one of them so singularly rare,
As does indeed amount to miracle,
And all the Kingdom boasts so far excel,
It ought not, I confess to be prophan'd
By my poor *Muse*; nor should an artless hand
Presume to take a *Crayon* up to trace,
But the faint *Land-scape* of so brave a place.
Yet, noble * *Chatsworth*, for I speak of thee,
Pardon the love will prompt the injury
My Pen must do thee, when, before I end,
I fix dishonour, where I would commend.

The first of these I meet with in my way,
Is a vast *Cave*, which the old people say

* The Earl of *Devonshire's* House.

One Poole an *Out-law* made his residence;
But why he did so, or for what offence,
The *Beagles* of the *Law* should press so near,
As, spight of horrors self, to *earth* him there;
Is in our times a *Riddle*, and in this
Tradition most unkindly silent is :
But whatsoe're his *Crime*, than such a *Cave*
A worse imprisonment he could not have.

At a high *Mountains* foot, whose lofty crest
O're-looks the Marshy Prospect of the *West*;
Under its Base there is an † *Overture*
Which Summer Weeds do render so obscure,
The careless *Traveller* may pass, and ne're
Discover, or suspect an entry there :
But such a one there is, as we might well
Think it the *Crypto-porticus* of *Hell*,

† *Poole's Hole* the first Wonder.

Had

Had we not been instructed, that the Gate,
Which to *Destruction* leads, is nothing straight.

Through a blind door (which some poor Wo-
man there

Still keeps the Key of, that it may keep her)
Men bowing low, take leave of days fair light,
To crowd themselves into the Womb of Night,
Through such a low and narrow pass, that it
For *Badgers*, *Wolves*, and *Foxes* seems more fit;
Or for the yet less sorts of *Chaces*, then
To admit the Statures, and the Bulks of men,
Could it to reason any way appear,
That men could find out any busines there.
But having fifteen paces crept or more,
Through pointed stones and dirt upon all four,
The gloomy *Grotto* lets men upright rise,
Although they were six times *Goliab's* size.
There, looking upward, your astonish'd sight
Beholds the glory of the sparkling light

Th'ena

Th' enamel'd *Roof* darts round about the place,
With so subduing, but ingrateful rays ;
As to put out the lights, by which alone
They receive luster, that before had none,
And must to darkness be resign'd when they are
gone.

But here a roaring *Torrent* bids you stand,
Forcing you climb a Rock on the right hand,
Which hanging, pent-house-like, does overlook
The dreadful Channel of the rapid Brook,
So deep, and black, the very thought does make
My brains turn giddy, and my eye-balls ake.

Over this dangerous *Precipice* you crawl,
Lost if you slip, for if you slip you fall ;
But whither, faith 'tis no great matter, when
Y'are sure ne'er to be seen alive agen.

Propt round with *Peasants*, on you trembling go,
Whilst, every step you take, your *Gnides* do show
In the uneven Rock the uncouth shapes
Of *Men*, of *Lions*, *Horses*, *Dogs*, and *Apes* :

But

But so resembling each the fancied shape,
The *Man* might be the *Horse*, the *Dog* the *Ape*.
And straight just in your way a * stone appears,
Which the resemblance of a *Hay-cock* bears,
Some four foot high, and beyond that a less
Of the same Figure; which do still increase
In height, and bulk, by a continual drop,
Which upon each distilling from the top,
And falling still exactly on the Crown;
There break themselves to mists, which trickling
down,
Crust into stone, and (but with leisure) swell
The sides, and still advance the Miracle.
So that in time, they would be tall enough,
If there were need, to prop the hanging Roof,
Did not sometimes the curious visitors,
To steal a treasure, is not justly theirs,

* The *Fons*.

Break off much more at one injurious blow,
Than can again in many *Agés* grow.
These the Wise *Natives* call the *Forts*; but there
Descending from the Roof there does appear
A bright transparent* Cloud, which from above,
By those false lights, does downwards seem to
move,
Like a *Machine*, which, when some *God* appears,
We see descend upon our *Theaters*.
Unlike in figure, and in posture, this
With the two nam'd before, owes its increase
To the same cause the others grow up by,
Namely, the petrifying quality
Of those bright drops, which trickling one by one,
Deliberately crust, as they glide, to stone;
By which the *Stiria* longer, bigger grows,
And must touch ground at last, but when, who
knows,

* The *Bacon-Flitch*.

To see these thriving by these various ways,
It seems, methinks, as if the first did raise
Their heads the pond'rous *Vault* so to sustain,
Whilst th'other pendant Pillar seems to strain,
And, at full stretch, endeavour to extend
A stable foot to the same needless end.
And this forsooth the *Bacon-Flitch* they call,
Not that it does resemble one at all ;
For it is round, not flat : but I suppose
Because it hangs i'th' roof like one of those,
And shines like salt, *Peake Bacon-eaters* came
At first to call it by that greasie name.
This once a fellow had, another Stone
Of the same colour, and proportion :
But long ago, I know not how, the one
Fell down, or eaten was ; for now 'tis gone.
The next thing you arrive at, is a * Stone,
In truth a very rare, and pretty one ;

* *Peol's Lanthorn.*

Which, on a Rocks sharp ridge taking its root,
Rises from thence in a neat round turn'd foot
Twelve inches high, or more, wherein are all
The mouldings of a round-turn'd *Pedestal*.
Whence bulbing out in figure of a *Sphere*,
Some two foot and a half *Diameter*,
The whole above is finisht in a small
Pellucid Spire crown'd with a Crystal Ball.
This, very aptly, they *Pool's Lanthorn* name,
Being like those in *Admiral Poops* that flame.
For several Paces beyond these, you meet
With nothing worth observing, save your feet,
Which with great caution you must still dispose,
Left, by mischance, should you once footing lose,
Your own true story only serve to grace
The lying *Fables* of the uncouth place :
But moving forward o're the glassy shoar,
You hear the *Torrent* now much louder roar,

With such a noise striking th' astonisht ear,
As does inform some *Cataract* is near :
When soon the deluge, that your fear attends
Contemptibly in a small *Riv'let* ends,
Which falling low with a precipitous wave,
The dreadful *Echo* of the spacious Cave,
Gives it that hollow sound a man would fear
The Sea was breaking in a Channel there :
And yet above the *Current's* not so wide
To put a *Maid* to an indecent stride ;
Which through bright Pebbles trembling there
does crawl,
As if afraid of the approaching fall,
Which is a dreadful one ; but yet how deep
I never durst extend my neck to peep.
Beyond this little *Rill*, before your eyes
You see a great transparent * *Pillar* rise,

* The Queen of *Scots* Pillar.

Of the same shining matter with the rest ;
But such a one, as *Nature* does contest,
Though working in the dark, in this brave piece
With all the *Obelisks* of antique *Greece* ;
For all the Art the *Chizel* could apply,
Ne're wrought such curious folds of *Drapery*.
Of this the figure is, as men should crowd
A vast *Colossus* in a Marble shrowd,
And yet the pleats so *soft*, and *flowing* are,
As finest *folds*, from finest *looms* they were ;
But, far as hands can reach to give a blow,
By the rude *Clowns* broke, and disfigur'd so,
As may be well suppos'd, when all that come,
Carry some piece of the Rock *Crystal* home.
Of all these *Rarities*, this alone can claim
A doubtless right to everlasting fame,
The fairest, brightest *Queen*, that ever yet
On *Englisb* ground unhappy footing set,

Having, to th' rest of th' *Isles* eternal shame,
Honor'd this Stone with her own splendid name.
For *Scotlands Queen*, hither by Art betray'd,
And by false friendship after *Captive* made,
(As if she did nought but a Dungeon want
To express the utmost rigor of restraint)
Coming to view this *Cave*, took so much pains,
For all the damp, and horror it contains,
To penetrate so far, as to this place,
And seeing it, with her own mouth to grace,
As her *non ultra*, this now famous Stone,
By naming, and declaring it her own;
Which, ever since so gloriously enstall'd,
Has been the *Queen* of *Scots* her *Pillar* call'd.

Illustrious *Mary*, it had happy been,
Had you then found a *Cave* like this to skreen
Your Sacred Person from those *Frontier Spies*,
That of a *Sovereign Princess* durst make prize,

When

When *Neptune* too officiously bore
Your cred'lous Innocence to this faithless shore.
Oh *England!* once who hadst the only fame
Of being kind to all who hither came
For refuge, and protection ; how couldst thou
So strangely alter thy *Good Nature* now,
Where there was so much excellenee to move,
Not only thy compassion, but thy love ?
'Twas strange on earth, save *Calidonian* ground,
So impudent a villain could be found,
Such *Majesty*, and *Sweetness* to accuse ;
Or after that a *Judg* would not refuse
Her Sentence to Pronounce ; or that being done,
Even amongst bloody'st *Hangmen*, to find one
Durst, though her Face was veild, and Neck laid
down,
Strike off the fairest Head e're wore a Crown.
And what *State-Policy* there might be here,
Which does with right too often interfere,

I'm not to judg ; yet thus far dare be bold,
A fouler Act the *Sun* did ne're behold,
And 'twas the worst, if not the only stain,
I' th' brightest *Annals of a Female Reign*.

Over the *Brook* you're now oblig'd to stride,
And, on the left hand, by this Pillars side
To seek new *Wonders*, though beyond this stone,
Unless you safe return, you'll meet with none,
And that indeed will be a kind of one :
For from this place, the way does rise so steep,
Craggy, and wet, that who all safe does keep,
A stout, and faithful *Genius* has, that will
In *Hells* black *Territories* guard him still ;
Yet to behold these vast prodigious Stones,
None who has any kindness for his bones,
Will venture to climb up, though I did once,
A certain symptom of an empty sconce ;

But

But many more have done the like since then,

That now are wiser than to do't agen.

Having swarm'd sevenscore paces up, or more

On the right hand you find a kind of floor,

Which twining back, hangs o're the Cave below,

Where, through a hole, your kind *Conduitors* show

A Candle left on purpose at the Brook,

On which, with trembling horror, whilst you look,

You'l fancy't from that dreadful Precipice,

A *Spark* ascending from the black *Abyss*.

Returning to your *Road*, you thence must still

Higher, and higher mount the dang'rous Hill,

Till, at the last, dirty, and tir'd enough,

Your giddy heads do touch the sparkling Roof.

And now you here a while to pant may sit,

To which *Advent'ers* have thought requisit

To add a Bottle, to express the love

They owe their Friends left in the world above.

And here I too would sheath my wearied Pen,
Were I not bound to bring you back agen;
You therefore must return, but with much more
Deliberate circumspection, than before:
Two Hob-nail Peakrills, one on either side,
Your arms supporting like a bashful *Bride*,
Whilst a third steps before, kindly to meet
With his broad shoulders your extended feet,
And thus from *Rock* to *Rock* they slide you down,
Till to their footing you may add your own:
Which is at the great *Torrent*, roars below,
From whence your *Guides* another *Candle* show
Lest in the hole above, whose distant light,
Seems a Star peeping through a sullen night.

You there with far less painful steps, but yet
More dangerous still, the way you came repeat,
Your Peake-bred *Convoy* of rude Men and Boys,
All the way whootting with that dreadful noise,

A man

A man would think it were the dismal yell
Of Souls tormented in the flames of Hell;
And I almost believ'd it, by the face
Our *Masters* give us of that unknown place.
But being conducted with this *Triumph* back,
Before y're yet permitted leave to take
Of this *Infernal Mansion*, you must see
Where Master *Poole*, and his bold *Yeomanry*
Took up their dark *Apartments*, which do lie
Over the narrow pass you entred by,
Up an ascent of easie mounting, where
They shew his *Hall*, his *Parlour*, *Bed-Chamber*,
Withdrawning-Room, and *Closet*, and, to these,
His *Kitchen*, and his other *Offices*,
And all contriv'd to justifie a *Fable*,
That may indeed pass with the ign'rant Rabble,
And might serve him perhaps a day, or so
When close pursu'd; but men of sence must know,

Who

Who of the place have took a serious view,
None but the *Devil* himself could live there two.
And I half think your selves are glad to hear
Your own deliverance to be so near ;
Then once more through the narrow passage
strain,
And you shall see the chearful day again ;
When, after two hours darkness, you will say
The Sun appears drest in a brighter *Ray* :
Thus after long restraint, when once set free,
Men better taſt the air of *Liberty*.

Six hundred paces hence, and *Northward* still,
On the descent of such a little *Hill*,
As by the rest of greater bulk, and fame,
Environ'd round, scarcely deserves that name,
A Crystal * *Fountain* Springs in healing streams,
Hot (though close shaded from the Suns warm
beams,

* St. *Anne's* Well at the *Buxtons*, the second Wonder.

By

By a malicious Roof, that covers it,
So close, as not his prying eye t' admit
(That elsewhere's priviledg'd) here to behold
His beamy Face, and locks of burning Gold,
In the most flatt'ring mirror, that below
His travel round the spacious Globe can show)
So fair a *Nymph*, and so supremely bright,
The teeming *Earth* did never bring to light ;
Nor does she rush into the world with noise
Like *Neptune*'s ruder Sex of Roaring Boys ;
But boils and simmers up, as if the heat
That warms her waves that motion did beget.
But where's the Wonder ? Eor it is well known
Warm, and clear Fountains in the *Peak* are none.
Which the whole *Province* thorough so abound,
Each *Teoman* almost has them in his ground.
Take then the Wonder of this famous place ;
This tepid Fountain a *Twin-Sister* has,

Of

Of the same beauty and complexion,
That, bubbling six foot off, joyns both in one :
But yet so cold withal, that who will stride
When bathing, cross the *Bath* but half so wide,
Shall in one body, which is strange, endure
At once an *Ague*, and a *Calenture*.
Strange, that two *Sisters* springing up at once,
Should differ thus in constitutions ;
And would be stranger, could they be the same ;
That Love should one half of the heart enflame,
Whilst th'other, sensless of a Lovers pain,
Freezes it self, and him in cold disdain ;
Or that a *Naiade*, having careless play'd
With some male wanton stream, and fruitful made,
Should have her silver breasts, at once to flow,
One with warm *Milk*, th'other with melted *Snow*.
Yet for the *Patients* 'tis more proper still,
Fit to enflame the blood is cold and chill,

And

And of the blood t'allay the glowing heat,
Wild youth, and yet wilder desires beget.
Hither the *Sick*, the *Lame*, and *Barren* come,
And hence go *healthful*, *sound*, and *fruitful* home.
Buxton's in beauty famous? but in this
Much more, the *Pilgrim* never frustrate is,
That comes to bright *St. Anne*, when he can get
Nought but his pains from yellow * *Somerset*.
Nor is our *Saint*, though sweetly humble, shutt
Within coarse walls of an indecent *Hutt* ;
But in the Centre of a *Fallace* springs
A *Mansion* proud enough for *Saxon Kings* ;
But by a *Lady* built, who rich and wise,
Not only *Houses* rais'd, but *Families*,
More, and more great, than *England* that does flow
In Loyal *Peers*, can from one *Fouutain* show.
But, either through the fault of th' *Architeet*,
The Workman's ignorance, knavery, or neglect;

* *Bath* in *Somersetshire*.

Or

Or through the searching nature of the *Air*,
Which almost always breaths in *Tempests* there ;
This *Structure*, which in expectation shou'd
Ages as many, as't has years have stood ;
Chinckt, and decay'd so dangerously fast,
And near a Ruin ; till it came at last,
To be thought worth the Noble * Owners care,
New to rebuild, what Art could not repair,
As he has done, and like himself, of late
Much more commodious, and of greater state.

North-East from hence three *Peakish* Miles at
least,
(Which who once measures will dread all the
rest)
At th' instep of just such another Hill,
There creeps a Spring that makes a little † *Rill*,

* *William Earl of Devonshire.* † *Weeding-wall* ; or
Tydes-well, the third Wonder.

Which at first sight to curious Visiters,
So small, and so contemptible appears,
They'd think themselves abus'd, did they not stay
To see wherein the wonder of it lay.
This Fountain is so very very small,
Th' Observer hardly can perceive it crawl
Thorough the sedg, which scarcely in their beds
Confess a Current by their waving heads.
I' th' Chinks through which it issues to the day,
It *stagnant* seems, and makes so little way,
That Thistle-down without a breeze of Air,
May lie at *Hull*, and be becalmed there ;
Which makes the wary Owner of the ground,
For his Herds use the tardy Waves impound,
In a low *Cistern* of so small content
As stops so little of the *Element*
For so important use, that when the *Cup*
Is fullcst crown'd, a *Cow* may drink it up.

Yet

Yet this so still; so very little Well,
Which thus beheld seems so contemptible,
No less of real *Wonder* does comprise,
Than any of the other *Rarities* :
For now, and then a hollow murmuring sound,
Being first heard remotely under ground,
The Spring immediately swells, and straight
Boils up through several pores to such a height,
As, overflowing soon the narrow *Shoar*,
Below does in a little *Torrent* roar.
Whilst, near the Fountain mouth, the water sings
Thorough the secret *Conduits* of her Springs,
With such a harmony of various Notes,
As *Grotto*'s yield, through narrow Brazen throats,
When, by weight of higher streams, the lower
Are upwards forc'd in an inverted shower.
But the sweet *Musick*'s short, three minutes space
To highest mark this *Oceanet* does raise,

And

And half that time retires the ebbing waves,
To the dark windings of their frigid *Caves*.

To seek investigable *Causes* out,
Serves not to clear, but to increase a doubt,
And where the best of *Nature's Spies* but grope,
For me, who worst can speculate, what hope
To find the secret cause of these *Strange Tides*?
Which an impenetrable *Mountain* hides
From all to view these *Miracles* that come,
In dark recesses of her spacious *Womb*:
And * *He* who is in *Nature* the best read,
Who the best hand has to the wisest head,
Who best can think, and best his thoughts express,
Does but, perhaps, more rationally guess,
When he his fense delivers of these things,
And Fancy fends to search these unknown *Springs*.

* Mr. Hobbs.

He tells us first, these flowing waters are
'Too sweet, their *Fluxes* too irregular,
To owe to *Neptune* these fantastick turns ;
Nor yet does *Phæbe* with her silver 'horns,
In these free-franchis'd, subterranean *Caves*
Push into crowded *Tydes* the frightened Waves. (er
But that the *Spring* swell'd by some smoaking show-
That teeming clouds on *Tellus* surface power,
Marches amain with the confederate *Force*,
Until some straighter passage in its course,
Stops the tumultuous throng, which pressing fast,
And forc'd on still to more precipitous hast,
By the succeeding streams lyes *gargling* there,
Till, in that narrow throat, th'obstructed Air,
Finding it self in too strict limits pent,
Opposes so th' invading *Element*,
As first to make the half choakt gullet heave,
And then disgorge the stream it can't receive.

Than

Than this, of this *Peak-Wonder*, I believe
None a more plausible account can give.
Though here it might be said, if this were so,
It never would, but in wet weather flow ;
Yet in the greatest droughts the *Earth* abides,
It never fails to yield less frequent *Tides* ;
Which always clear and unpolluted are,
And nothing of the *wash* of *Tempest* share.
But whether this a *Wonder* be ; or no :
Twill be one, Reader, if thou seest it flow ;
For having been there ten times, for the nonce,
I never yet could see it flow but once,
And that the last time too, which made me there.
Take my last leave on't, as I now do here.

Hence two miles *East*, does a fourth *Wonder* lye,
Worthy the greatest curiosity,

C 2 . . . Cal'd

Cal'd * *Elden-Hole*; but such a dreadful place,
As will procure a tender *Muse* her grace,
In the description if she chance to fail,
When my hand trembles, and my cheeks turn pale.
Betwixt a verdant *Mountains* falling flanks,
And within bounds of easie swelling banks,
That hem the *Wonder* in on either side,
A formidable *Scissure* gapes so wide,
Steep, black, and full of horror, that who dare
Looks down into the *Chasme*, and keeps his hair
From lifting off his hat, either has none,
Or for more modish curls casheers his own.
It were injurious I must confess,
By mine to measure braver Courages :
But when I peep into't, I must declare,
My heart still beats, and eyes with horror stare.

* *Elden-Hole* the Fourth Wonder.

And

And he, that standing on the brink of *Hell*,
Can carry it so unconcern'd, and well,
As to betray no fear, is, certainly,
A better *Christian*; or a worse than I.

This yawning mouth is thirty paces long,
Scarce half so wide, within lin'd through with strong
Continuous Walls of solid perpend stone :
A Gulf wide, steep, black, and a dreadful one ;
Which few, that come to see it, dare come near,
And the most daring still approach with fear.
Having with terror, here beheld a space
The gasty aspect of this dang'rous place ;
Critical *Passengers* usually found,
How deep the threatning gulf goes under ground,
By tumbling down stones sought throughout the
field,
As great as the officious *Bores* can wield,

Of which such *Millions* of *Tuns* are thrown,
That in a *Country*, almost all of stone,
About the place they something scarce are grown.
But being brought, down they're condemn'd to go,
When *silence* being made, and ears laid low,
The first's turn'd off, which, as it parts the Air,
A kind of *figbing* makes as if it were,
Capable of that useless passion, *Fear*.
Till the first hit strikes the astonisht ear,
Like *Thunder* under-ground ; thence it invades,
With louder thunders, those *Tartarean* shades,
Which groan forth horror, at each ponderous stroke
Th'unnatural *issue* gives the *Parent Rock* ;
Whilst, as it strikes, the sound by turns we note,
When nearer *flat*, *sharper* when more remote,
As the hard walls, on which it strikes, are found
Fit to reverberate the bellowing sound :
When, after falling long, it seems to hiss,
Like the old *Serpent* in the dark *Abyss* :

Till

Till *Ecco*, tir'd with posting, does refuse
To carry to th'inquisitive *Perdu's*,
That couchant lye above, the trembling news.
And there ends our Intelligence, how far
It travails further, no one can declare;
Though if it rested here the place might well
Sure be accepted for a *Miracle*.

Your *Guide* to all these Wonders, never fails
To entertain you with ridic'lous tales
Of this strange place, One of a *Goose* thrown in,
Which out of *Peaks-Arse* two miles off, was seen
Shell-naked sally, rifled of her plume;
By which a man may lawfully presume,
The owner was a woman grave, and wise,
Could know her *Goose* again in that disguise.

Another lying *Tale* the People tell,
And without smiling, of a pond'rous *Bell*

By a long Rope let down the *Pit* to sound ;
When many hundred fadoms under-ground
It stopt : but though they made their sinews crack,
All the men there could not once move it back ;
Till, after some short space, the plundred line
With scores of curious knots made wond'rous fine,
Came up again with easie motion :
But for the Jangling *Plummet*, that was gone.

But with these idle *Fables* feign'd of old,
Some modern truths, and sad ones too are told :
One of that mercenary *Fool* expos'd
His Life for gold, t'explore what lies enclos'd
In this obscure *Vacuity*, and tell
Of stranger sights than *Theseus* saw in *Hell* :
But the poor *Wretch* pay'd for his thirst of gain :
For being cran'd up with a distemper'd brain,
A fault'ring tongue, and a wild staring look,
(Whether by *damps* not known, or horror strook)

Now

Now this man was confederate with *mischance*
'Gainst his own Life, his whole inheritance,
Which bates the pity human nature bears
To poor involuntary *Sufferers*:
But the sad tale of his severer fate
Whose story's next, compassion must create
He raving languish'd a few days, and then
Did ; peradventure to go down agen.
In savages and in the silent deep,
Make the hard marble, that destroy'd him, weep.

A *Stranger*, to this day from whence not known,
Travelling this wild *Country* all alone,
And by the *Night* surpriz'd, by *Destiny*
(If such a thing, and so unkind there be)
Was guided to a *Village* near this place,
Where asking at a house how far it was
To such a *Town*, and being told so far ;
Will, you my friend, t'oblige a *Traveller*,

Says

Says the benighted *Stranger*, be so kind
As to conduct me thither ; you will bind
My gratitude for ever, and in hand,
Shall presently receive what you'l demand.
The fellow hum'd, and haw'd, and scratch'd his pate,
And, to draw on good wages, said 'twas late,
And grew so dark, that though he knew the way,
He durst not be so confident, to say
He might not miss it in so dark a night :
But if his *Worship* would be pleas'd t'alight,
And let him call a *Friend*, he made no doubt,
But one of them would surely find it out.
The *Traveller* well pleased at any rate,
To have so expert *Guides*, dismounted straight,
Giving his horse up to the treach'rous slave,
Who having hous'd him, forthwith fell to heave
And poize the *Portmantu*, which finding fraught
At either end with lumps of tempting weight,

Th;

The Devil and he made but a short dispute
About the thing they soon did execute :
For calling th'other *Rogue*, who long had bin
His complice in preceding acts of sin,
He tells him of the prize, sets out the gain,
Shews how secure and easie to obtain ;
Which prest so home, where was so little need,
The *strangers* ruine quickly was decreed.
Thus to the poor *proscrib'd*, the *Villains* go,
And with joyat confidence assure him so,
That with his hap to meet such friends content,
He put himself into their hands, and went.

The guilty *night*, as if ~~she~~ would express
Confederacy with such black purposes,
The sparkling *Hemisphear* had overspread
With darkest vapours from foul *Lerna* bred ;
The world was hush't, all save a sighing wind,
That might have warn'd a more presaging mind,

When

When these two Sons of *Satan*, thus agreed,
With seeming wariness, and care proceed,
All the while mixing their amusing chat,
With frequent cautions of this step, and that ;
Till having some six hundred paces gone,
Master here's but a scurvy grip, sayes one
Of ghe damn'd *Rogues* (and he said very right)
Pray for more safety, Sir, be pleas'd t' alight,
And let him lead your Horse a little space,
Till you are past this one uneven place,
You'l need to light no more, Ile warrant you ;
And still this *instrument of Hell* said true,
Forthwith alights the innocent *Trapan'd*,
One leads his Horse, the other takes his hand,
And, with a shew of care, conducts him thus
To these steep thresholds of black *Erebus* :
And there (O act of horror which out-vies
The direst of inhumane cruelties !)

Let me (my *Muse*) repeat it without sin,
The barb'rous *Villain* pusht him headlong in.
The frightened wretch, having no time to speak,
Forc'd his distended throat in such a skrick,
As, by the shrilness of the doleful cry,
Pierc'd through, and through th'immense *inanity*,
Enforming so the half dead fallers Ear
What he must suffer, what he had to fear
When, at the very first befriending knock,
His trembling brains smear'd the *Tarpeian Rock*,
The shatter'd carcals downward rattles fast,
Whilst thence dismift, the Soul with greater hast
From those infernal mansions does remove
And mounts to seek the happy seats above.
What bloody *Arab* of the fellest breed,
What but the yet more fell *I*—» feed, }
Could once have meditated such a *Deed*? }
But one of these *Heaven's* vengeance did ere-long
Call to account for this poor creatures wrong,

et
Who

Who hang'd for other Crimes, amongst the rest
This horrid murther at his death confess'd:
Whilst th'other *Rogue*, to *Justice* foul disgrace,
Yet lives, 'tis said unquestion'd near the place.
How deep this *Gulph* does travel under ground,
Though there have been attempts, was never found:
But I my self, with half the *Peak* surrounded, (ed,
Eight hundred, fourscore, and four yards have sound'd
And, though of these fourscore return'd back wet,
The *Plummet* drew, and found no bottom yet:
Though when I went again another day,
To make a further, and a new essay,
I could not get the *lead* down half the way.

Enough of *Hell*! From hence you forward ride,
Still mounting up the *Mountains* groaning side,
Till having gain'd the utmost height, your Eye

North

North-ward a mile a * higher does descry,
And steeper much, though from that prospect green,
With a black, moorish Valley stretcht between,
Unlike in stature, and in substance, this
To the *South-East* is a great precipice,
Not of firm Rock, like the rest here that shroud
Their lowring *Summits* in a dewy cloud :
But of a shaly Earth, that from the crown
With a continual motion mouldring down,
Spawns a less *Hill* of looser mould below,
Which will in time tall as the Mother grow,
And must perpetuate the *Wonder* so. }
Which *Wonder* is, That though this Hill nere cease
To wast it self, it suffers no decrease :
But t'would a greater be, if those that pass
Should miss the *Atomes* of so vast a *Mass* :

* *Mamor* the fifth Wonder.

Though

Though Neighbours, if they nearer would enquire,
Must needs perceive the piling *Cliff* retire :
And the most cursory beholder may
Visibly see a manifest decay,
By Jutting stones, that by the Earth left bare
Hang on the trip suspended in the Air.
This haughty Mountain by indulgent *Fame*
Prefer'd t'a *Wonder*, *Mam-Tor* has to name ;
For in that Country *Jargon*'s uncouth fence
Expressing any craggy eminence,
From *Tower* ; but then why *Mam* I can't surmise ;
Unless because *Mother* to that does rise
Out of her ruins ; better then to speak,
It might be call'd the *Phænix* of the *Peak* ;
For when this Mountain by long wasting's gone,
Her ashes will, and not till then be one.
Which ere I quit, I must beg leave to tell
One story only of this *Miracle*.

Of late a Countrey fellow, it seems one
Who had more courage, than discretion ;
Untempted ; or by wager ; or by price,
And obstinately deaf to all Adyice,
Would needs attempt to climb this precipice. }
Thus then resolv'd th' *Enceladus* sets out,
With a Peak heart *Heaven*-desyng stout,
A daring look, and vast *Colossean* strides,
To storm the frowning Mountains mouldring sides.
Wherein the first steps of th' *Adventurers* proof,
Were easie, and encouraging enough,
Scarce *Pent-house*-steep, and ev'ry step did brand
Assured footing in the yielding sand ;
And higher though much steeper ; yet the Hill
By leaning backward gave him footing still ;
Though still more tickle, and unsafe, as higher
The hair-brain'd fool did in's attempt aspire.
But being arriv'd to the stupendious place
Where the *Cliffs* beetle brows o'relook his *Base*,

The jutting front with threatening ruins there
Bad stand unto the bold *Adventurer*.

Then from that stupifying height, too late,
Th'astonisht wretch saw his approaching *Fate*,
Thence first he downward cast his woful eyes,
Sadly to view the dang'rous precipice,

Which the bold stormer with such horror strook,
As all his Limbs with a cold trembling shook,
With so unseasonable an Ague fit,

That hands, and feet were ready hold to quit,
And to the Fool their Master's *Fate* submit.

How to advance a step he could not tell,
And to descend was as impossible :

But thus environed with black despair,
He hung suspended in the liquid Air.

He then would fain have pray'd: but *Authors* say,
Few of the *Province* guifted are that way,

And

And that to swear, curse, flauder, and forswear
More natural is to your Peak *Highlander* ;
Though there are many vertuous people there. }
But be it how it will, the fellow hung
On stretcht-out sinews so exceeding long;
Till ready to drop off, Necessity
Bad mount, and live; or else fall down, and die
With last effort he upward then gan crawl,
To rise; or from a nobler height to fall;
And as he forward strove began to try
This, and that hanging stone's stability,
To prove their firmness, and to feel what hold
The Earth-bound ends had in the crumblng mold.
Some of which hanging *Tables* as he still
Made further progress up the trickling Hill,
He found so loose they threatned as he went,
To sweep him off, and be his *Monument*.
But 'tis most certain that some other end,
In *Fates* dark *leaves* for the rash Fool is pend,

Not by a fall so noble, and so high,
Though by a slip perhaps 'twixt *Earth*, and *Sky* ;
For, to th' *Spectators* wonder, and his own,
He panting gain'd at last the Mountains Crown.

Hence an uneven mile below, in sight
Of this strange *Cliffe*, and almost opposite,
Lies *Castleton* a place of noted fame,
Which from the *Castl* there derives its name.
Entering the *Village* presently y'are met
With a clear swift, and murmur'ring *Rivolet*,
Towards whose *source* if up the stream you look
On your right hand close by, your Eye is strook
With a stupendious Rock, rais'd so high
His craggy *Temples* tow'rds the *Azure Sky*
That if we this should with the rest compare,
They *Hillocks*, *Mole-hills*, *Warts*, and *Pibbles* are
This, as if *King* of all the *Mountains* round,
Is on the top with an old *Tower* crownd,

An *Antick* thing, fit to make people stare :
But of no use, either in Peace ; or War.
Under this *Castle* yawns a dreadful * *Cave*,
Whose sight may well astonish the most brave,
And make him pause, ere further he proceed
To explore what in those gloomy vaults lie hid.

The *Brook*, which from one mighty *Spring* does flow,

Through a deep stony Channel runs below,
Whilst ore a Path level, and broad enough
For human *Feet* ; or for the armed *Hoof*,
Above you, and below all precipice,
You still advance towards the Court of *Dis*.
Over this cawsey as you forward go,
On your right hand cross the deep course below,
You see the *Fountains* long imprison'd streams,
Leap out to wanton in the Sun's warm beams.

* *Peake's Arse* the sixth Wonder.

There through a marble *Pipe* some two foot wide,
And deeper than a *Pikes*-length can decide,
Sick of long wandring in those invious *caves*,
She here disgorges her tumultuous waves,
With such a force, that if you coit a stone
Any thing flat, although a heavy one,
Though the fall makes it sink, it will amain,
Like squeamish *Patients* throw it up again,
As a pale leaf, kill'd by the winters frown ;
Nor, till it gain an *Edge*, receive it down.
So that it seems by the strange force it has,
Rising from such a pond'rous *Mountains* base,
As if prest down with the great weight, it thence
Deriv'd this supernatural violence.

Above the *Spring*, the *Channel* goes up still,
Dry now : but which the *Cave* does sometimes fill
With such a roaring, and high swelling *Tide*,
The tallest *First-rate-Frigat* there may ride.

Now

Now to the *Cave* we come, wherein is found
A new strange thing, a *Village* under ground ;
Houses, and *Barns* for *Men*, and *Beasts* behoof,
With distinct *Walls*, under one solid *Roof*.
Stacks both of *Hay*, and *Turf*, which yields a scent
Can only fume from *Satan's* fundament ;
For this black *Cave* lives in the voice of *fame*
To the same fence by a yet coarser *Name*.

The *Subterranean People* ready stand,
A *Candle* each, most two in either hand
To guide, who are to penetrate inclin'd,
The *intestinum rectum* of the *Fiend*.
Thus, by a blinking and promiscuous light,
We now begin to travel into *Night*,
Hoping indeed to see the *Sun* agen ;
Though none of us can tell, or how, or when.

Now in your way a soft descent you meet,
Where the sand takes th' impression of your feet,
And which, ere many yards you measur'd have,
Brings you into the *level* of the *Cave*,
Some paces hence the roof comes down so low,
The humblest statures are compell'd to bow,
First low, then lower ; till at last we go
On four feet now who walkt but now on two ;
Then straight it lets you upright rise, and then
Forces you to stoop down, and creep agen ;
Till to a silent *Brook* at last you come,
Whose limpid waves dart rays about the room ;
But there the Rock its bosom bows so low,
That few *Adventurers* further press to go ;
Yet we must through ; or else how can we give
Of this strange place a perfect **Narrative** ?
But how's the question ; for the water's deep,
The bottom dipping, slippery, and steep,

Where

Where if you slip, in ill hour you came hither,
You shoot under a Rock the *Lord* knows whither.
Then 'tis twelve paces broad, to that so low
The Rock does tow'rds the waters surface bow,
That who will pass in double dangers bound,
Rising he breaks his scull, he's stooping drown'd.
Thrice I the *pass* attempted with desire,
And thrice I did ingloriously retire ;
Till shame did that my courage fail'd to do,
And, maugre difficulties, forc't me through.
As my foot chockt upon the further shoar,
My heart began to rise, was sunk before,
And as soon felt a new acces of pain,
Now I was here, how to get back again.
And with good cause; for if (as sometimes here
By mounts of Sand within it does appear,
A rapid current Navigably deep
The sides, and bottom of the *Cave* does sweep)

There

There now should the least *hill* of water come
To fill the forenam'd very little room,
And higher should, but poor six inches, swell,
Twould render all *Retreat* impossible.
But that thought comes too late, and they who take
A *voyage* once over the *Stigyan* Lake
(Where Souls for ever usually remain)
Have better luck if they return again.

Being ore this dangerous *pass*, above us now
Are high-roof'd *Vaults* : oh, for a *Golden bough*
To charm the *Train* of that infernal God
Who in these *Caverns* makes his dark abode !
The *Cave* is here not only high ; but wide,
Stretching it self so far from side, to side,
As if (past these blind *Creeks*) we now were come
Into the hollow of the mountains *Womb*.
The stately walls of diff'ring *Fabrick* are,
One sloping, th' other perpendicular,

I Fabrick say, because on the right hand,
If you will climb the *Acherontick* strand,
A curious *Portal* greets the wondring eye,
Where *Architectures* chiefest *Symmetry*
Is every where observ'd, and serves to show
The poor * *design* above to this below.
Two *Tuscan Columns* jutting from the wall,
With each his proper *Base*, and *Capital*,
Support a well turn'd *Arch*, and of one piece,
With all its *Mouldings*, *Frize*, and *Coranice*.
Oh, who that sees these things, but must reflect
With wonder on th' Almighty *Architect*,
Whose works all humane *Art* so far excell?
For doubtless he that *Heaven* made, made *Hell*.
This leads into a handsom Room, wherein
A *Bason* stands with waters Crystalline,

* The Castle over it.

To welcome such, as, once at least, shall grace
With unknown light this solitary place.

On this side many more small *Grotto's* are,
Which, were the first away, would all seem rare:
But, that once seen, we may the rest pass by,
As hardly worth our curiosity.

But we must back, ere we can forward go,
Into the *Channel* we forsook below;
Through which the rugged pass does only lye
T'a further, and compleat discovery.

Being return'd, we now again proceed
Thorough a *Vale* that's salebrous indeed,
Squeezing our guts, bruising our flesh and bones,
To thrust betwixt massy, and pointed stones
Some three, some four, and others five foot high,
Puffing, and sweating in our industry;
Till after three, or fourscore paces more,
We reach the second *Rivers* marble shoar,
Four times as broad, as that we past before.

The

The waters *margent* here goes down so steep,
That at first step you chop in middle deep ;
But, though the way be cumber som, and rough,
'Tis no where more, and foardable enough.
This, as the other clear, differs in this,
That bottom is of Sand, this stony is,
And here withal the water is so strong,
That as you raise one foot to move along,
Without good heed, you will have much ado
To fix the other foot from rising too,
And yet there is no current here, nor spring
T' occasion such an unexpected thing ;
For, though the *Country People* are so wise
To call these *Rivers*, they'r but *Stagnancies*,
Left by the flood ; which, when retir'd again,
The *Cave* does in her hollow *lap* retain.
As here through cobling stones we stumbling wade,
The narrowing *Cave* cast such a dreadful shade,

That

That being thence unable to discov'r,
With all our lights how far the *Lake* was over,
We made a halt, and, as the rest desir'd,
I now half willing was to have retir'd,
And had not *Resolution* then stept in,
The great *Adventure* had not finisht bin.
But ore we got, and from our cloaths there rain'd
A welcome shov'r upon the thirsty Sand,
Of which we here vast Mountains saw by *Seas*
Of *Torrents* washt from distant *Provinces* ;
For the hard ribs of the *Caves* native stone
So solid is, that that I'me sure yields none.
Over these *Hills* we forward still contend,
Wishing, and longing for our Journeys end,
Till now again we saw the Rock descend
Forming a Roof so even, smooth, and sleek,
Without, or crack, or seam, or chink, or nicky,
Some twenty paces long, and ten foot high;
As the *Mechanick Trowel* may defy.

Ith midst of which a *Cupolo* does rise,
(As if to crown the other rarities)
In th'exact hollow of a weighty *Bell*,
Which does in beauty very much excell
All I ere saw before, excepting none,
Though I have been at *Lincoln*, and at *Roane*.
Just beyond this a purling *Rill* we meet,
Which, though scarce deep enough to wet our feet,
Had they been dry, must be a *River* too,
And has more title than the other two;
Because this runs, which neither of them do.
Though ev'ry *Kennel* that we see does pour
More liberal streams in ev'ry *Thunder-showr*.
Just where 'tis met, as if to shun the light,
It under ground vanishes out of sight;
We take the obvious stream to be our *guide*,
Sand-hills, and *Rocks* by turns on either side,
Plashing through water, and through slabby Sand,
Till a vast *Sand-bill* once more bids us stand;

For

For here again, who ere shall try will know,
The humorous *Rock* descends so very low,
That the swoln floods when they in fury rave
Throw up this *Mount*, that almost choaks the *Cave*.
Where, though the *Brook* offer'd to guide us still,
Through a blind *Creek* o'th right hand of this *Hill*;
We thought it not prudence to follow it,
Unlikely we conceiv'd our *bulks* t'admit :
But storm'd the *Hill*, which rising fast, and steep
So near the *Rock* we on all four must creep,
It on the other side as fast does dip ; }
And to reward us for the mighty pain,
Brought us unto our little *Nymph* again.
Which we some paces follow'd still, when there
A suddain noise striking th'astonish't ear,
We neither could guess what, nor tell from whence,
Strook us into amazement, and suspence.
We stood all mute, and pallid with the sight ;
A paleneſſ so increast by paler light,

That

That ev'ry wand a *Caduce* did appear,
As we a *Caravan* of dead folks were :
But really so terrible a sound
Sure ne're was heard above, or under ground.
To which the difficulties we had had,
And horror of the place did so much add,
That it was long before a word came out
To ask a question, or resolve a doubt.
But, by some one, the silence being broke,
We altogether in confusion spoke :
But all *cross purpose*, not a word of fence,
Either to get, or give intelligence.
So when a tall, and richly laden Ship,
Plowing the Sea with all her sails a-trip,
Suddenly strikes upon some unseen Rock,
Her seams laid open by the pondrous shock,
The *Passengers*, and *Seamen* tear their throats
In confus'd cries, and undistinguist Notes.

Some thought a flood was just now breaking in,
Some that *Pyracmon* had at th'anvile bin,
With *Brontes* forging *thunderbolts* for *Jove*,
Or for some *Heroe* arms i'th world above ;
Some said it thundred ; others this, and that,
Every one fear'd ; but not a man knew what.
Till at the last, a little calmer grown,
Again we list'ned, then spake one by one ;
Began to think, and temp'rately debate,
What we were best to do in this estate.
The major *Vote* was quickly to retire,
Which also those oppos'd it, did desire ;
Though in the end we all agreed to see
What the great cause of this strange noise might be,
Nor were we long in doubt ; for ere we had
But twenty paces further progress made,
Before our eyes we saw it plain appear,
And then were out of count'nance at our fear.

On

On the right hand an open passage lies
Where once again the Roof does sloping rise
In a steep craggy, and a lubrick shoar,
As high at least, as any where before ;
Where from the very top of all the *Hill*,
A murmur'ring fountain does her streams distill,
Which thence descending with a headlong wave,
Roars in remoter windings of the *Cave* ;
Though here it does in gentle whispers brawl
Through little stones, and is scarce heard at all.
The water falling down so silent here,
And roaring louder than the *Thunderer*
At a remoter distance, seems, as if
The Crystal stream, that trickles from the *Cliff*,
Were a *Catarrh*, that falling from the Brain
Upon his leathern lungs, did thus constrain
The *Fiend* to cough so very loud, and tear
His marble throat, and fright th' *Adventurer*.

But if this liquid *Cave* does any where
Deserve the title of a *Grot*, 'tis here,
For here as from her *Wn* the *Nymph* doer pour,
The water breaks on Rocks in such a showr,
Sparkling quite round the place, as made us doubt
T'would hazard spitting all our *Candles* out,
Which had it hapned so, we fairly might
Have bid unto the World a long good night.
Wherefore it did concern us to make hast,
And thus we have the third fam'd *River* past.

Up the old *Channel* still we forward tend,
Wondring, and longing when our search should end;
For we were all grown weary of the night,
And wisht to see the long forsaken light.
And, Reader, now the happy time draws near
To end your trouble, as it did our fear :

For

For many paces more we had not gone,
Before we came to a large vault of stone
Curiously arch't, and wall'd on either side,
Some thirty paces long, and thirteen wide,
Scarce ten foot high, which does deprive the place
Unhappily of due *proportions* grace.
This full of water stands, but yet so clear
That thorough it the bottom does appear
So smooth, and even laid with glittering Sand,
That the most timerous will not make a stand :
But boldly step into't, to see the end
To which all these so strange *Meanders* tend.
The first step's ankle deep, the next may be
To the midleg, and no where past the knee,
Saving, that at the very end of all,
Where the *Rock* meets us with an even wall,
Under the foot, and in the midst of it,
There is a pretty semi-circular pit,

About some four foot wide, and six foot deep,
Which underneath the *Basis* dipping steep,
And the impending *Rock* at least three foot
Descending with a sharp round *Peak* into't,
Shuts up the *Cave*, and, with our own desire
Kindly complying, bids us to retire.

Nor did we there make any longer stay,
Than only stooping with our sticks t'esp'ay
If pottering this, and that way, we could find
How deep it went ; or which way it did wind.
Though 'twas in vain ; for the low bending Rock
Did those ridiculous endeavours mock.

This the fourth *River* is, although of more
Than three, and one unfoardable, before
None ever heard, and if a further shoar,
Belong to this, none ever past it ore ;
Nothing with Legs, and Arms can come unto't,
They must be *Finns*, and 'tis a *Fish* must do't.

But

But I am well assured none ever was
Till now so far in this unw holsome place, (lame,
From whence with falls, and knocks though almost
We faster much retreated, than we came,
And measuring it, as we return'd again,
Found it five hundred paces by the *Chain*.
We now once more behold the chearful *Sun*,
And one would think 'twere time we here had done:
But ere I go I must one story tell
Concerns the place; so great a *Miracle*
As can't omitted be without offence,
It being an effect of *Providence*.

The *Tow'r* that stands on tip-toe in the Air,
And ore the Channel perpendicular,
Is on a Hill by't self, though not so high
By infinite degrees, as one close by,

A narrow *Valley* interpos'd between :
But this is all a *Crag*, the other green.
On ev'ry side from this old *Castle* down,
Is perfect *Cliff*, except towards the *Town*,
Where the ascent is steep ; but in the Rock,
Forc'd by the pond'rous *Hammers* conqu'ring stroak,
A winding way from the rough Mountains foot,
Was made the only *Avenue* unto't.

'Tis true, that, just over the *Cave*, the *Hill*
In an extended *ridg* continues still :
But to so small a *Neck*'s contracted there,
The *Tower* blocks the *pass* up with one *square*.
And yet that once there has a *Passage* been
Into the *Fort* this way, is to be seen
By ribbs of *Arches* standing of free-stone,
On which a *Bridge* has formerly been thrown
Over a *Graff* parts the Hills *double-crown* :
But if by *Art*, or *Nature* made, not known ;
It now with *Docks*, and *Thistles* is oregrown.

{ On

On one hand of this *Bridge*, a *Cliff* does fall
Ore the *Caves* mouth steep, as a *perpend* wall,
On th'other hand one very near as steep
Looks down into the *Vale*; but not so deep;
For I am most assur'd, that we did go
Under the *Vale* when in the *Cave* below,
And the whole distance not twelve paces is
Betwixt the one, and th'other *Precipice*.
This Valley (which by the * *Caves-way* is known,)
Is one of the chief passes to the *Town*,
And where it more remotely does begin
Gently to *dimple* these two *Hills* between,
Falls with so easie a descent, as nere
Could trouble the most *Southern Traveller*:
But that ore-slipt, his neck must dearly pay
The rashness, if he will attempt that way.

* The Valley on the backside of the Castle call'd the *Cave* and the *Caves-Way*.

But

A Countrey-fellow some years since, who was
Nothing a stranger to the tickle *pæſſ*,
Being by h's *Master* ſent ſome friends to guide
Ore those wild *Mountains* of the Forrest wide,
By them was ſo rewarded, as to make
Him, who had guided them, his way miſtake:
For coming back, when Night the day had clos'd
Careleſs, and drunk enough may be ſuppoſ'd,
He learnedly the *Pæſſ* did overſhoot,
Thinking he was not yet arriv'd unto't :
But trotted on along the *Mountains ridge*,
Until he came almost unto the *Bridge*
Close by the *Tower*, which though it could not be
Thirty yards off, it ſeems he could not ſee,
To that degree either [the *Miſſ* or *Night* ;
Or his *Potion* did obſtruct his ſight.
But here he thought to turn into the Vale,
Although his *Mare* who, having had no *Ale*,

Was

Was unto both their safeties more awake,
At first refus'd the dang'rous step to take ;
Like unto peevish *Balaam's* faithful *Affe*,
Who more clear-sighted than the *Prophet* was,
Proving her rider so, for once at least,
If not the greater *Affe*, the greater *Beast*.
But being spur'd up to the place again,
Angry it seems her counsel was not tane,
She took a greater leap against her will,
Than *Pegasus* from the other *bi-top* *Hill*,
With all th'advantage that he had of *Wing*,
When from his *Pinch* started the Poets *Spring*.
And from the giddy height, the *Lord* knew whither,
Down with a vengeance they both went together.
Where they did part, himself could nere declare ;
If on some *Rub* by th'way ; or in the *Air* :
But at the bottom he was left for dead,
With a good *Memorandum* on his head,

That

That lay'd him so asleep, he did not wake
Till with the cold his bones began to ake:
And then he stirr'd, rowling his heavy eye
Towards the *vault* of the enamell'd skie,
Which now thick set with sparkling *Stars* he sees,
That but of late had been no friends of his,
And, by the favour of the twinkling light,
The *Castle* too appear'd above in sight.
By which he faintly recollect'd where
His *Worship* was, though not how he came there:
But this small fence did opportunely come
To help him make a shift to stumble home.
Thither he comes, and knocking at the door
(Though not so hard as he was knockt before)
His Master hears at first, and cries *Who's there*:
Why (poorly cries the other) *I am here*.
Up starts the Master straight, and lets him in;
I'th Name of God (quoth he) *where hast thou bin*,

That

That thou'rt thus late? to which the wise Reply
Was this, Nay Master what the Dee'l know I?
But somewhere I have had a lungeous faw
I'm sure O that, and, Master, that's neet aw.
A Candle then was lighted when his sconce
Did represent Raw-head, and Bloody-bones.
A lungeous fall indeed, the Master said,
Thy very looks would make a man afraid,
Thou hast drank deep, thy Hogs-head on the tilt,
But where's my Mare? No matter where hoo's kilt,
Replies the man, i'th' morninck send, and see,
The Devils power go with these Torrs for me.
His Dame was call'd, and he soon got to bed,
Where she did wash, and dress his great Calves-head,
So well, that in the morning 'twas his care
To go, and fley, not to fetch home his Mare:
But she had shar'd his fortune, and was found
Grazing within the Valley safe and found,

Sans hurt, or blemish, save a little strip
Of hair and skin rippled upon her hip:
The hat, saddle and cloth, denoted well,
As they were scatter'd found, just where they fell;
And yet as oft, as I the place do view,
I scarce believe, although I know this true :
But whosoere shall happen to come there,
Will not reprove what I've deliver'd here ;
Since with his Eyes he may the place behold,
And hear this truth affirm'd, that I have told.

(laves
Southward from hence ten miles, where *Derwent*
His broken Shoars with never clearing waves,
There stands a stately, and stupendious * *Pile*
Like the proud *Regent* of the *Brittish Isle*,
Shedding her beams over the barren Vale,
Which else bleak *winds*, and nipping *Frosts* assail

* *Chatsworth* the Seventh Wonder.

With such perpetual *War*, there would appear
Nothing but *Winter* ten months of the year.

This *Palace*, with wild prospects girded round,
Stands in the middle of a falling ground,
At a black *Mountains* foot, whose craggy brow
Secures from *Eastern-Tempests* all below,
Under whose shelter *Trees* and *Flowers* grow,
With early *Blossom*, maugre native snow ;
Which elsewhere round a *Tyranny* maintains,
And binds cramp't *Nature* long in *Crystal-Chains*.
The *Fabrick's* noble Front faces the *West*,
Turning her fair broad shoulders to the *East*,
On the *South*-side the stately *Gardens* lye,
Where the scorn'd *Peak* rivals proud *Italy*.
And on the *North* sev'ral inferior *plots*
For servile use do scatter'd lye in spots.

The

The outward *Gate* stands near enough, to look
Her *Oval* Front in the objected *Brook* ;
But that she has better reflexion
From a large *Mirror* nearer of her own.
For a fair *Lake*, from wash of *Floods* unmixt,
Before it lies, an *Area* spread betwixt.
Over this *Pond*, opposite to the *Gate*,
A *Bridge* of a quaint structure, strength, and state,
Invites you to pass over it, where dry
You trample may on shoals of wanton *Fry*,
With which those breeding waters do abound,
And better *Carps* are no where to be found.
A Tower of *Antick Model* the *Bridge* foot
From the *Peak-rabble* does securely shut,
Which, by stone stairs, delivers you below
Into the sweetest *Walks* the world can stow.
There *Wood* and *Water*, *Sun* and *Shade* contend,
Which shall the most delight, and most befriend ;

There

There *Graſſ*, and *Gravel* in one path you meet,
For *Ladies* tend'rer, and mens harder feet.

Here into open *Lakes* the *Sun* may pry,
A priviledge the closer *Groves* deny,
Or if confed'rate winds do make them yield
He then but chequers what he cannot guild.
The *Ponds*, which here in double order shine,
Are some of them so large, and all so fine,
That *Neptune* in his *progress* once did please
To frolick in these *artificial Seas* ;
Of which a noble *Monument* we find,
His Royal *Chariot* left, it seems, behind ;
Whose *wheels* and *body* moor'd up with a *Chain*,
Like *Drake's* old *Hulk* at *Deptford*, still remain.
No place on Earth was ere discover'd yet,
For *contemplation*, or *delight* so fit.
The *Groves*, whose curled brows shade every *Lake*,
Do every where such waving *Landskips* make,

As *Painters* baffl'd *Art* is far above,
Who waves, and leaves could never yet make move.
Hither the warbling *People* of the Air
From their remoter *Colonies* repair,
And in these shades, now setting up their rests,
Like *Cæsars Swiss*, burn their old native nests.
The *Muses* too pearch on the bending spraies
And in these thickets chant their charming *Laies*;
No wonder then if the † *Heroick Song*
That here took birth, and voice do flourish long.

To view from hence the glittering *Pile* above
(Which must at once wonder create, and love)
Environ'd round with *Natures* shames, and Ills,
Black Heaths, wild Rocks, bleak Craggs, and naked
Hills,
And the whole *Prospect* so informe, and rude ?
Who is it, but must presently conclude ?

* Mr. Hobbs his *de Mir. Pec.*

That

That this is *Paradice*, which seated stands
In midſt of *Desarts*, and of barren *Sands*.
So a bright *Diamond* would look, if ſet
In a vile ſocket of ignoble *jet*,
And ſuch a face the new-born *Nature* took,
When out of *Chaos* by the *Fiat* strook.
Doubtleſs, if any where, there never yet
So brave a *Structure* on ſuch ground was ſet,
Which ſure the *Foundreſt* builte, to reconcile
This to the other members of the *Iſle*,
And would therein, firſt her own *Grandeur* show,
And then what *Art* could, ſpite of *Nature*, do.

But let me lead you in, 'tis worth the pains
T' examine what this Princely *House* contains,
Which, if without ſo glorious to be ſeen,
Honour and *Vertue*, make it ſhine within.

The fore-nam'd *outward Gate* then leads into
A spacious *Court*, whence open to the view
The noble *Front* of the whole *Ædifice*,
In a surprising height, is seen to rise.
Even with the *Gate-house*, upon either hand
A neat square *Turret* in the corners stand,
On each side *Plats* of ever-springing green,
With an ascending *Pavier-Walk* between.
In the green *Plat* which on the right hand lies,
A *Fountain* of strange structure, high doth rise,
Upon whose slender top, there is a vast,
I'd almost said, prodigious *Bason* plac't ;
And, without doubt, the *Model* of this *Piece*.
Came from some other place, than *Rome*, or *Greece*,
For such a *Sea* suspended in the *Air*,
I never saw in any place, but there.
Which should it break, or fall, I doubt we shou'd
Begin to reckon from the second *Flood*.

Though

Though this divert the eye; yet all the while
Your feet still move towards th'attractive *Pile*,
Till fair round *Stairs*, some fifteen *grieses* high,
Land you upon a *Terrass*, that doth lie
Of goodly breath along the Buildings *square*,
Well pav'd, and fenc't with *Rail*, and *Baluster*.
From hence in some three steps the *inner-Gate*
Rises in greater Beauty, Art, and State,
Than the proud *Palace* of the *Sun*, and all
Vain *Poets* stuff vainer *Romance* withall,
A vice that much the *Gallick muse* infects,
And of good *Writers*, makes vile *Architects*.
This to the *Lodg* admits, and two steps more
Set you upon a level *axler* floor,
Which paves the inner *Court*, a curious place
Form'd by the am'rous structure's kind embrace.
Ith' Center of this shady *Court* doth rise
Another *Fountain*, of a quaint device

Which large-limb *Heroes*, with Majestick port
In their habilliments of War support.
Hence, cross the *Court*, through a fine *Portico*
Into the *Body* of the House you go,
Where a proud *Hall* does not at all abate
Any thing promis'd by the outward State,
And where the *Reader* we entreat will please
By the large *Foot*, to measure *Hercules* ;
For sure a vain, and endless work it were
Tinsist upon ev'ry particular.
And should I beso mad to go about
To give account of ev'ry thing throughout,
The *Rooms* of *State*, *Stair cases*, *Galleries*,
Lodgings, *Apartments*, *Closets*, *Offices* ;
Or to describe the splendors undertake
Whic'ev'ry glorious *Room*, a *Heaven* make,
The *Picture*, *Sculpture*, *Carving*, *Graving*, *Gilding*,
Twould be as long in Writing as Building.

Yet

Yet *Chatsworth*, though thy pristine lineaments
Were beautiful, and great to all intents :
I needs must say, for I have seen both *Faces*,
Thou'rt much more lovely in the modern graces :
Thy now great * *Mistress* has adorn'd thee in,
Than when thought fine enough to hold a † *Queen*.
Thy * *Foundress* drest thee in such *Robes*, as they
In those old fashion'd Times, reputed gay,
Of which new stript, and the old rusling pride
Of *Ruff*, and *Farthingale* now laid aside,
Thy shapes appear, and thou thy self art seen
A very *Christian*, and a *modish Queen*:
Which (though old freinds part ill) is recompence
For a few *Goth*, and *Vandal* ornaments
And all these glories glitter to the sight
By the advantage of a clearer light.

* The present Countess of *Devonshire*. † The Queen of
Scots. * The Countess of *Shrewsbury*.

The *Glaziers* work before substantial was
I must confess, thrice as much lead, as glass,
Which in the Suns *Meridian*, cast a light,
As it had been within an hour of night.
The windows now look like so many Suns,
Illustrating the noble Room at once:

The primitive *Casements* modell'd were no doubt
By that through which the *Pigeon* was thrust out,
Where now whole Shashes are but one great eye,
T'examine, and admire thy beauties by.
And, if we hence look out, we shall see there
The *Gardens* too i'th *Reformation* share
Upon a *Terræ*, as most Houses high,
Though from this prospect humble to your eye,
A stately *Plat*, both regular, and vast
Suiting the rest, was by the *Foundress* cast,
In those incurious times, under the Rose
Design'd, as one may faulcily suppose,

For *Lillies, Pionies, Daffodills, and Roses*
To garnish Chimneys, and make Sunday Posies,
Where *Gooseberries* as good, as ever grew
'Tis like were set; for *Winter-greens* the *Tew*,
Holly, and *Box*: for then these things were new.
With oh! the honest *Rosemary* and *Bays*,
So much esteem'd in those good *Wassel* days.

Now in the middle of this great *Parterre*,
A *Fountain* darts her streams into the Air
Twenty foot high; till by the Winds deprest,
Unable longer upward to contest,
They fall again in tears for grief, and ire
They cannot reach the place they did aspire.
As if the Sun melted the waxen wings
Of these *Icarian* temerarious springs,

For

For braving thus his generative ray,
When their true motion lies another way.
Th'ambitious *Element* repuls'd so
Rallies; and saves her routed waves below,
In a large *Bason* of *Diameter*
Such as old *Romes* expensive *Lakes* did bear,
Where a *Pacifick Sea* expanded lies,
A liquid Theater for *Naumachies* ;
And where in case of such a *Pageant War*,
Romans in statue still spectators are.

Where the ground swells nearer the Hill above,
And where once stood a * *Cragg* and *Cherry Grove*,
(Which of renown then shar'd a mighty part)
Instead of such a barbarous piece of *Art*,
Such poor contriv'd, dwarfish and ragged shades,
Tis now adorn'd with *Fountains* and *Cascades*,

* An Artificial Rock, so call'd.

Teras^s on Teras^s with their Stair-Cases
Of brave, and great contrivance, and to these
Statues, Walks, Grass-plats, and a Grove indeed
Where silent Lovers may lye down and bleed.
And though all things were, for that Age, before
In truth so great, that nothing could be more;
Yet now they with much greater lustre stand,
Toucht up, and finisht by a better hand.

But that which crowns all this, and does impart
A Lustre far beyond the pow'r of Art,
Is the great Owner, *He*, whose noble mind
For such a Fortune only was design'd.
Whose bounties as the *Oceans* bosom wide,
Flow in a constant, unexhausted *Tyde*
Of *Hospitality* and free *Access*,
Liberal Condescension, *Cheerfulness*,
Honour and *Truth*, as ev'ry of them strove
At once to captivate *Respect* and *Love*:

And

And all with such *Order* perform'd, and *Grace*
As rivett *Wonder* to the stately place.

But I must give my *Muse* the *Hola* here,
Respect must check her in the wild *Career* ;
For when we impotently do commend,
The thing well meant, ill done, must needs offend ;
His *Vertues* are above my *Character*,
Too great for *Fame* to speak ; or *Verse* to bear.

F I N I S.

